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A VACATION IDYL.

Well, vacation is over. I've come back to town,
With a heart that's a deal worse for wear,
And my spirits, once light, are decidedly down.
I am lonesome. Perhaps 'tis as well to declare—
I'm in love!

I've the symptoms exactly—I dream and I pine,
You see I'm inspired to write
Sad verses, and that's an infallible sign—
But fancy a man in this curious plight,
I love *two!*

The moon which illumines this hot, sultry night
Reminds me how, one month ago,
I wandered with Dorothy, piquant and bright,
On the cliffs down at Newport. We talked
—well, you know,
Not much sense.

I love her, adore her. But can I forget
The days with dear Imogen spent
In the mountains? And how in sweet intercourse met
Her spirit and mine as together we bent
O'er "Lucile."

Now, one of these two charming girls, I have sworn,
I will marry. But which shall it be?
For wedded to either I'd certainly mourn
For the other who seemed just as charming to me.
I despair!

But I must decide, for 'tis cruel to play
With a woman's affections. Eh, what?
A letter from each? I am lucky to-day!
Let me see. "You'll congratulate," "usher"
—Great Scott!
Both *engaged!*
—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

IT DIDN'T WORK.

Mr. Wetherby's Scheme to Marry a Young Heiress.

Mr. Augustus Wetherby walked up and down his apartment in an embroidered smoking cap and jacket, apparently absorbed in restless thought. Finally, he took up an open letter from the table, and for the third time perused its contents, which were as follows:

DEAR GUS:—I drop you a hasty line to catch the six o'clock mail. Minna Gray is with us, and I want you to come up without delay and see what you can do in the way of winning an heiress. She is just from boarding-school—a simple, unsophisticated girl of eighteen—and if you enter the field at once, I don't see why, with your advantages, you should not succeed in making an impression. If uncle can't spare you from the office before Saturday, at least come up then, and stay till Monday. In a quiet country house a good deal can be done in that time. I've spoke of you to Minna—judiciously, of course—and am sure she is already interested in you. She will be with us a week or so longer, and will then leave with her family for their Western home; so you see, there is no time to be lost. I shall certainly expect you on Saturday, if not before. Don't disappoint. Your devoted sister,

AGNES MERROW.

"Hum! Ah, well, I may as well go up and see what she's like!" mused Mr. Augustus Wetherby, giving a doubtful shrug of the shoulders. "Old man still living, but won't object to that, if he'd do the handsome thing by me that he did with his other daughter's husband. In fact, it would be handy to have him go on making money for a few years longer. It isn't every day that a fellow can pick up an heiress—pretty, too, I think I've heard Merrow say. Cousin of his, eh? Convenient to have sisters marry fellows with rich young cousins. Yes, I think I may as well try it on."

On the following Saturday, accordingly, a blonde young gentleman, faultlessly attired, and with a calmly satisfied and rather supercilious air, boarded the five o'clock train for a two hours' ride to Verdon station.

He found but two seats unoccupied—one next to a fat old lady with a ticket conspicuously secured on the front of her shawl with three pins, and the other adjoining that of handsome, well grown young lady who was seated alone at a window with a satchel beside her. Affecting not to observe the first seat, and even ignoring the friendly tug at his coat tail of the fat lady, Mr. Wetherby passed on, and paused with a half wistful, half apologetic glance at the second vacant seat. The young lady observing this, promptly removed her shawl and satchel and made room for him.

"Thank you! I hope I am not incommoding you," said Mr. Wetherby, with his most graceful and winning manner.

"Not at all," she answered, raising a pair of bright, frank, brown eyes to his face.

And then they sat for a few moments silent as the train started. The breeze, with its inevitable cinders and dust, came in strongly at the window, and, of course, the young lady tried to close it, could not, and, equally of course, Mr. Wetherby offered to do it for her. Then they naturally got to talking, the young lady manifesting no shyness or stiffness, and as Mr. Wetherby looked at her smiling red lips and laughing eyes, and noticed her easy, self-possessed manner, he congratulated himself upon having such a companion for the amusement of his brief journey. She was alone, too, which encouraged him to assume a little protective gallantry.

"Have you far to go?" he inquired, when he had conveniently arranged his satchel and umbrella at his feet.

"Would you call it far to Princeton?" she returned, innocently.

So she is going to Princeton, a ride of six hours—and as Mr. Wetherby looked at the bright, intelligent face and brilliant eyes, he almost regretted that his own journey would be so short. He fancied, too, from an indefinable something in her look and manner that he had "made a mash," as he himself would have significantly expressed it, and with an inward gratification set himself to deepen the impression by his most winning smiles and elegant and fastidious airs. Besides his admiration of the young lady, he would like to show the people around him that he was somebody. Just in front of him sat a pale, delicate-looking lady, who was nervously endeavoring to keep two little children quiet. Their fidgetting and prattle rather interferred with Mr. Wetherby's conversation.

"Great nuisance, children on the cars," he observed fastidiously to his companion.

"I don't object to them. It is amusing to observe their funny little ways," she replied good humoredly.

"When they are good and pretty; but children like these little scamps ought to have a special car provided—a sort of cattle box—"

He ended abruptly, as the lady in front turned her head, and, with a sudden flash, bestowed upon him a glance of which only an outraged and insulted mother is capable.

"Good gracious! I hope—I did not intend that she should hear me!" said Mr. Weatherby. "However, if people choose to listen to private remarks, it makes no difference."

Then he lay back in his seat, and while his fair companion looked from the window revenged himself for the mother's indignant look by secretly making faces at the baby, which was staring at him over the seat and making ineffectual efforts to grab hold of his gold-headed cane. The sweet infant at first stared in round-eyed wonder at the unaccustomed facial expressions; but as they became more ogre-like its little moon-face worked, and it burst into a terrified shriek which startled half the sleepers in the car.

"You will excuse my little son, sir," said a voice behind Mr. Wetherby. "He is not accustomed to the interesting performance with which you have been kindly endeavoring to entertain him."

And the tall, stalwart gentleman leaned forward and took the terrified infant from its mother's arms.

"I think we've intruded ourselves into a family group here," Mr. Augustus Wetherby observed, as he looked uneasily around. "You will be more comfortable on the other side, and able to keep the window open—it being leeward, as the sailors say."

The young lady hesitated a moment, but then gathered up her shawl and sachel, and crossed over to the opposite side of the car, where were a couple of seats left vacant by passengers who had alighted at the last station. It was immediately in the rear of a plainly dressed old gentleman who was fast asleep and slightly snoring, with his feet conspicuously elevated. He had removed his new boots, and encased his large feet in embroidered cloth slippers, which left exposed an ample space of gray yarn stocking, evidently of domestic manufacture.

"Really," exclaimed Mr. Wetherby, "we seem destined to be unfortunate in our immediate surroundings; but, then, one can not always choose one's traveling companions, unless one engages a special car."

There was a gleam of amusement in the young lady's eyes as she glanced from him to the unconscious object of his scorn. He caught it, and was thereby encouraged to go on.

"I really believed the old fellow imagined this to be a sleeping car, or at least that he can indulge in the privileges of one, regardless of the feelings of his fellow passengers. People of his class generally imagine that they can shirk the expense of a sleeping car by making a dressing room of the public cars. I've a great mind to fire one of those boots out of the window with my cane."

"That would be too bad. You wouldn't do it, really, would you?"

"Not if you object. The old fellow certainly don't look as if he could afford the loss. But I'd give something for those slippers, to deposit in a museum for future antiquarians as a supposed specimen of prehistoric art, and a proof that there were giants in those days. He, he!"

"They certainly are extraordinary specimens of needlework," the young lady observed, eyeing the slippers with grave attention.

"And the stockings! I had imagined that sort of pedal covering to belong to the lost arts."

"They look warm and comfortable, though; and I dare say that is all that he cares for."

"Wonder where he got those marvelous slippers? Dare say they are the effort of some red-handed, apple-faced daughter, who probably exhibited them at the country church fair as a creditable specimen of high art. Is that red blotch in the middle a rose or a hollyhock? And the blue dots—what botanical productions do they represent?"

"I should think the first is intended for a bleeding heart," said Mr. Wetherby's fair companion, criticisingly examining the slippers of the unconscious sleeper; "and the blue would probably suggest forget-me-nots."

"Bleeding hearts and forget-me-nots. He, he! Who would expect so much sentiment in a rough old fellow like this? But perhaps, after all, the slippers are a tender gift of a sweetheart—some sallow, smirking old maid, probably—and he's stuck them on his delicate feet in order to have her image perpetually present with him. No doubt he fell asleep contemplating them, and is at this moment lost in dreams of his loved one."

This flight of fancy so amused the young lady that Mr. Weatherby was thereby encouraged to proceed with his remarks.

"There are initials on them, I see—P. G.—Peter Grubbs, perhaps. The name would correspond with his appearance—don't you agree with me?"

"I am sure it is very kind in you to take so much interest in that old gentleman and his affairs," the young lady returned, in a cool, quiet way, with her dark eyes looking full in the face. "Fortunately, I can gratify your curiosity. His name is not Peter Grubbs, but Peyton Gray—not very unlike, don't you think?"

"Wh-what!" grasped Mr. Wetherby, staring: "not surely Mr. Peyton Gray, of Chesterton?"

"The same. I am his daughter Minna, and I must confess that I worked those absurd slippers when I was about twelve years old. They were my first attempt at embroidery, as any one can see. Father never wore them until lately, when, being a little lame, he found them convenient. Mother knit the stockings—he will wear no others."

Mr. Wetherby, pale and red by turns, listened in silence. To add to his dismay, Mr. Gray, at the end of his daughter's speech, quietly turned his head and fixed his keen eyes upon him.

"Yes, young man," he remarked coolly, "I find both the slippers and socks very comfortable—not but what I should have been sorry to have lost one of my boots."

And without further notice he deliberately proceeded to don the latter articles of dress. Mr. Wetherby sat in dazed silence, feeling excessively small, but seeking to comfort himself with the thought that it might be possible so to disguise himself as not to be recognized by Mr. Gray and his daughter when he should present himself at Verdon. Would it not be well to give them a false name at present and delay his visit for some days?

But while he thus mused in dire confusion of spirit Miss Minna Gray, turning to him, said blandly:

"Do you stop at Verdon, Mr. Wetherby?"

"Eh?—aw—you take me for—"

"For Mrs. Merrow's brother, of course. She told me yesterday that she expected you. You see, father and I have only run down this morning to meet sister and her family, who were to join us at Cousin Merrow's and all return home together. Let me introduce you to my sister and my brother-in-law, Colonel Steele."—turning to the tall gentleman and the pale lady, who had been spectators of the whole scene.

"I—I shall be most happy when—when we arrive at the station. At present I must positively look after my valise, as I think we are approaching the station and will have only a minute for alighting."

"Your valise? Here it is under the seat! You see"—with a charming smile—"we could all read the name on it, and that is how we came to know who you were."

The next station was not Verdon; nevertheless, Mr. Wetherby, with his baggage, alighted there and took the next train homeward. To the inquiries of a friend, to whom he had confidentially communicated his intention of marrying an heiress, he briefly replied that he had seen the girl and did not quite fancy her. And it is observable that on all of his traveling trips he is strangely silent and uncommunicative with his fellow passengers.—*Cincinnati Times.*

CARPET-MAKING.

More Than Four Thousand Looms Running in the United States.

Recent investigations show that there are in the United States 4,211 looms devoted mainly to the weaving of extra and medium super carpets. Of these looms 2,189 are in Philadelphia, the remainder being scattered from Auburn, N. Y., to the Eastern companies. In States they are as follows: Pennsylvania, 2,189; New York, 300; Massachusetts, 375; Connecticut, 347. The average yield of an ingrain power-loom is thirty yards per diem, and the possible yield of the entire country in extra supers is 37,899,000 yards per annum. The value of the same is, at sixty cents per yard, $22,739,400. But all ingrain power looms are not running on "extras," and allowances will be made accordingly. The growth of the brussels industry is interesting. In 1836 brussels carpets were being woven in a few cellars in Philadelphia by hand. About that time, also, the Auburn (N. Y.) State prison, under Mr. Barber, was turning out body brussels, and the old factory at Astoria, which E. S. Higgins bought in 1845, was one of the first to make brussels. The brussels manufacture, since the Bigelow loom was perfected, is familiar. Since the war the great companies at Hartford, Lowell and Clinton have assumed large proportions, and turn out each year a magnificent product in brussels, and other concerns are growing up about them. In the decade past Philadelphia has loomed and contains to-day a large proportion of the brussels machinery of the country. There are in the United States, in position or about to be placed, 1,197 brussels looms. The number in each State is as follows: Pennsylvania, 485; New York, 106; Connecticut, 103; Massachusetts, 492; New Jersey, 10. The average yield of a brussels loom is fifty yards a day, and all the brussels looms in the country running on regular time would yield 17,955,000 yards in one year, Sundays and holidays excluded. Averaging stouts and five-frame goods at $1 per yard, the value of our total brussels product would be $17,955,000. The largest tapestry-brussels concern in the United States is that of the Alexander Smith & Sons Company at Yonkers, N. Y. They have 350 looms on tapestries, and can turn out probably 455,000 yards per month.—*Philadelphia Carpet Trade.*

THE DARK CONTINENT.

The Chief Embarrassment Experienced by Travelers in Africa.

It is difficult for us Americans who stay at home and lead rather humdrum lives to realize the mighty changes which are taking place in other lands. Here is Africa, for instance, which is being attacked by civilizing influences from every quarter. The English are hard at work in Northeastern and Southern Africa, the French in North Africa, while the Germans and Portuguese are penetrating that continent from the east and west coasts. The Portuguese Government is building a railroad from Loanda, on the west coast, to Ambaca, two hundred and twenty-three miles inland. Another road is soon to be constructed to Congo land. In the meanwhile white travelers, principally Germans, are making themselves at home in all parts of the interior. They are welcomed everywhere, and oddly enough their chief embarrassment is the desire of the African Princesses to marry them. One Serpa Pinto had to fly in the night from an Ambuella Princess who offered him the alternative of marriage or death. Herr Buchner had the utmost difficulty in declining a marital alliance with a sister of Muata Yano, who offered broad acres and herds of cattle if he would only be her spouse. Herr Hopiner has been adopted into an African tribe as the King's son. John Dunne, a Scotchman, is the most important chief of the thirteen in Zululand, and there are scores of other white men who are becoming all powerful in the interior of Africa. The next century will see a great change in the status of the Dark Continent.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—A horse thief, lately arrested in Denver, had ridden his stolen animal four hundred miles from Nebraska.

THE DAIRY.

—The whole process of butter-making is undergoing a change which must be regarded, or else the maker will see his "prime old-fashioned butter" sell at butterine prices.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—The disparity of value between superior and inferior butter and cheese is always greatest in times of depression. For this reason it always pays to manufacture goods that will rank with the best.—*Dairy World.*

—Prof. Law, of Cornell University, recently examined milk from cows which had access to water from stagnant pools, and found in every case the milk full of living organisms. He also found the animals themselves to be in a feverish condition owing to their blood being charged with the living animalculæ.—*Montreal Witness.*

—The good housewives ought to fold cloths several thicknesses and place them inside their tin milk strainers and pass the milk through them all, so that no sediment can ever be found in the bottom of the milk vessels. Keep the milk in a good, cool place while the cream is rising and where it will be free from all unpleasant odors.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Milk varies very much in its quality for butter-making. The creameries make a pound of butter from thirty pounds, or fourteen quarts of milk, but they do not skim it closely. A fair, ordinary quality of milk will make a pound of butter for each twelve quarts. The best I have heard of is a pound of butter to four quarts, but that is an extraordinary cow. A good cow should make a pound of butter from seven quarts.—*Boston Globe.*

MAKING BUTTER.

A Very Comprehensive and Easily Understood Essay on Churning.

A very able and useful new work entitled "Dairy Management," by Prof. Baldwin, of Dublin, Ireland, is receiving much notice from our foreign exchanges. One of them quotes the following comprehensive essay on churning: The object of churning is to break up the coats of the fatty globules, and thus to set the fat or butter at liberty; this is effected by the combined action of friction, heat and air. It is in the proper combination of these three agents that the perfection of churning consists. When the friction is too violent, the butter is produced too speedily, it is deficient in color, and it does not keep well. Heat expands the coats of the globules and facilitates the process of churning. If the temperature is too low, the time and friction consumed in churning are so great that the butter becomes soft, deficient in color and flavor, and does not keep well. We have found from fifty-seven to sixty degrees Fahrenheit the best temperature at which to put cream into the churn, and during churning it rises from two to four degrees. The proper temperature can be increased in a variety of ways; as, for example, by immersing the vessel containing the cream in cold water (cream taken from the separator should be plunged at once in cold water; when this is neglected the butter is deficient in firmness and quality) in summer, and in hot water in winter. The influence of air on the time consumed in churning, as well as in the quality of the butter, is not as well understood as it should be. The oxygen of the air oxidizes the coats of the fatty globules, and thus acts in setting the butter free. In the atmospheric churn the butter is produced by pumping air into milk. Whatever churn is used, it should not therefore be filled with cream or milk. When the churn is quite filled it is almost impossible to produce butter, not only because there is a want of air, but also because the cream swells in the process of churning.—*Prairie Farmer.*

FEEDING DAIRY COWS.

Economical Methods Which Must Soon Be Adopted by All Dairymen.

The time is fast approaching, if it is not already here, when dairymen in the older settled districts, where land is high, can not afford the waste of letting their cows run in pastures. It is an expensive way of feeding, and requires a good deal more land to keep a cow than is required where an intelligent system of soiling is practiced. We see it stated that a dairyman in the state of New York has been summering his cows on the following daily ration: "Per cow, forty pounds of corn ensilage, six pounds of ground feed and eight pounds of cut hay," and it is stated that on this ration the cows are doing as well as in former summers when running in the pasture. By this means he is enabled to keep a cow on one-fourth the land that is required for pasture—a difference that would enable him to keep four cows where he formerly kept one. The ration would have been more satisfactory if the kind of ground feed had been named. If it is an equal mixture, by weight, of oatmeal and corn, or wheat bran and corn, or middlings and corn, and the hay given is clover hay, or hay in which clover strongly predominates, the ration is a good one, but rather light. Still, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," and if he gets satisfactory results, that settles the question. But the main objection to soiling is the question of cleanliness. We seldom see a stable that is properly ventilated and cleaned, so that an offensive odor is not encountered the moment the door is opened. This foul air is highly objectionable as being inimical to health, and giving a bad odor and flavor to the milk. Few barn-yards are clean and sweet enough for cows to run in, and they would soon get foul and offensive, any way. It is better to give the cows the run of a pretty good-sized lot, so that they may have room to stir around and lie down, and at the same time keep clean and sweet. Shelter and shade should by all means be provided for the protection and comfort of the cows. There is no economy that will compensate for foulness and an enfeebled condition of the cow.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

GOVERNMENT DOCKS.

The Insignificant Capacity of the United States Yards for Dockage.

In the course of the rehabilitation of the United States navy, docks and navy yards require very serious consideration, for, after ships and guns, there are no requirements of more importance for naval purposes. The capacity of the Government yards for dockage is very insignificant, owing to which the bottoms of our ships are but seldom subjected to scrutiny, and this, above all others, is the part of the integrity of which we need to be most assured. The few docks that we have are generally appropriated by vessels under repair, and the cruising ship is debarred the use of this means of guarding her safety and providing for her speed. A very slight accident may disturb the copper on the bottom of a wooden ship, which may result in serious consequences if she be sent to cruise in waters where she will be exposed to the influence of the teredo, and the neglect to clean the bottom when loaded with grass or barnacles might so impair speed as to make the difference between capture and failure in a chase. Docking for such purposes as inspecting and cleaning the bottom is the exception in our practice, as the demands of repairs are considered paramount. A ship in which the repairs approach or lie below the water-line must be placed in a dock, and months being often required to complete the work, the dock is closed to all other purposes, and our ships are frequently sent from one navy yard to another to take advantage of a dock that may be vacant.

The embarrassments that have attended this course in the past, while our fleet has consisted of copper-sheathed wooden ships, will be increased by the introduction of iron and steel hulls, which demand much more care and more frequent removals of such hinderances to speed as will attach themselves to their bottoms.

The Government has at present but three stone dry-docks and one floating-dock. The latter is in use at Portsmouth, New Hampshire; the stone docks are at the navy yards in Boston, New York and Norfolk.

A stone dock is in process of construction at Mare Island, California; this is of dimensions capable of receiving ships of the first class. Its length is 530 feet; breadth, 79 feet; depth of water over the sill, 27.6 feet, and it will admit a ship of 460 feet in length. When completed it will supply a great want on the Pacific coast.

It requires no argument to show that the Government needs a great increase in its facilities for dockage; the necessity of a plentiful supply of docks is recognized by all powers, and we can not pretend to be blind to our own deficiency. This is a want that must be provided for, but it is well to study all points that bear on the subject, and to mature some plan of operations before we embark in work which involves great expense, and the success of which must depend on the thoroughness with which all the factors are considered beforehand.—*Rear-Admiral E. Simpson, in Harper's Magazine.*

TIMBER PRESERVATION.

A Simple and Inexpensive Way of Preventing the Growth of Destructive Fungi.

The cheapest operation to protect our woods, and quite sufficient for many purposes, is to season or thoroughly dry the timber, reducing the contained moisture from eight to twelve per cent. of the weight of the wood; and when in this condition, with a circulation of air around it, to prevent the collection and absorption of moisture, the wood will last indefinitely, as the fungi can not grow in such surroundings. Every one is more or less familiar with the soundness of timber in the upper parts of buildings, while in lower parts near the foundations it is often decayed on account of moisture.

In many situations, however, where timber must be used, the conditions of growth of the fungi are present, and it will decay; some species can be used which resist the attacks of the fungi for a long period, but the final result is decay unless the wood is treated to some process preventing the growth of the fungi, which must be capable of doing either one of two things. 1. It must keep the fibers dry, preventing the absorption of moisture. 2. If the wood must be in a damp place and kept moist some antiseptic must be present, sufficient to prevent the growth of any of the various kinds of destructive fungi. Timber entirely submerged does not come under these considerations. To use the first process successfully means more than a thin coat of paint or tar on seasoned wood when exposed to continued moisture. It must be some substance which penetrates the tissues of the wood sufficiently far, in case the exterior surface is broken, to prevent any absorption of moisture. Wood impregnated with the heavy tar or the lighter oils is protected more from the fact of prevention of access of dampness to the fibers than by the contained antiseptics, unless in the exception of a great percentage of creosote. In the second method the moisture is permitted to come in contact with the fibers of the wood, and reliance depends upon the antiseptic. In this case, the entire wood should be saturated to give the greatest measure of success, not merely an exterior protection of a half-inch or so in depth, the latter fact, as before explained, being the cause of many of the failures which have taken place. The antiseptic treatment, to succeed, must destroy all the germs which have found lodgment in the timber, and also those which may come from the exterior.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A Woman's Reason.

Horrified Husband—What's this I see? Another new dress?

Calm Wife—Yes; isn't it a beauty? And it only cost eighty dollars, including the ribbons.

"Eighty furies! You had one just like it last year that only cost forty."

"I know it, but dear, this was advertised as a bargain."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A TONGUE PEELER.

How a Patent Medicine Man Made People Stare in Astonishment.

Several weeks ago a most wonderful doctor made his appearance in an Arkansaw town. He advertised that he could cure any case of biliousness, and any man who makes such a claim in Arkansaw soon wins a large if not respectable following. This celebrated man hired a brass band and, of course, attracted a large crowd. "Gentlemen," said he, "you have doubtless been many a time humbugged, but I want to show you that every man is not a fraud. I say that my medicine will cure biliousness. I don't want you to take my word for it, but I want you to watch and see. Now, if there's a very bad case in the crowd I want to see it. I don't fool with chills and slight fevers, but yearn for the ailment in its worst form. That's right, step up on the wagon."

A man climbed up and took a seat.

"How do you feel?" the doctor asked.

"Miserable."

"Back ache?"

"Yes, sir."

"No appetite?"

"None whatever."

"Brassy taste in your mouth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can't stand any exertion?"

"No, sir."

"Let me see your tongue."

The man thrust out his tongue. The doctor uttered an exclamation of astonishment. "Turn around and let the audience examine your tongue."

The man turned to the assembly and thrust out his tongue. It was thickly coated, in fact, it was what might be called a bad tongue.

"Gentlemen," said the doctor, "I never saw a worse tongue than this, but I am going to show you that I can cure it in a very short time."

He took up a small bottle, shook it, and, handing it to the patient, said: "Take a couple of swallows." The man obeyed. The doctor continued: "The first thing to be done is to clear up that tongue. No man with a tongue like that can feel well. Open your mouth. Ah, wait a moment." He inserted a small instrument, and then, to the astonishment of every one, peeled the thick coating from the man's tongue and held up the coating to be viewed by the audience. "Nothing slow about my medicine, gentlemen. Works like a charm. One or two doses of it taken in time will prevent a long spell of fever. How do you feel now?" addressing the patient.

"Much better."

"Back ache?"

"Not much."

"Got any appetite?"

"I believe that I can eat something, sir."

"Brassy taste in your mouth?"

"No, sir; not now."

"Take a bottle of my wonderful medicine and get down. Anybody else—ah, here comes a man that is as bilious as a goat. Climb up, sir. Hold out your tongue. My stars, did anybody ever see such a tongue? Here, take about three swallows of this Bile Bouncer. How do you feel?"

"Awful."

"Take some more of the medicine. Now, let me see what I can do for you."

He peeled the patient's tongue and held the peeling up in view of the audience. "Just as easy, gentlemen, as shucking an ear of corn. I always carry such specimens of coating with me. How do you feel now, podner?"

"First rate."

"Hop down. Ah, here's another one. Climb right up, sir. Even a one-eyed man at half a glance can tell that you are bilious as a swamp frog. My gracious, look at his tongue!"

A murmur of astonishment went through the crowd.

"How long has it been since you ate any thing?"

"Two days."

"Do you feel like eating any thing?"

"No, sir."

"Suppose I order you a beefsteak?"

"I can't eat it."

"Well, we'll see about that. Here, boy, go over to that restaurant and tell them to send me over a big steak. Now," turning to the patient, "take about four swallows of the Bile Bouncer. Now we are getting at it. Hold out your tongue. Ah, the triple plated stuff is about ready." He peeled the fellow's tongue. The audience gazed and gaped in astonishment. "Here comes the steak. Do you think that you can eat it?"

"Yes, sir."

He devoured it voraciously. The crowd shouted. "Now, gentlemen," said the doctor, "I think that I have given you sufficient cause to believe in my medicine. I sell it for three dollars per bottle."

He couldn't hand it out fast enough. He remained three days and then disappeared. Shortly after he had gone a man called on a resident physician and said:

"Doctor, I am very bilious and would like to get some medicine."

"Are you not one of the men who got up on the wagon when that patent medicine fellow was here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why don't you take some of his medicine?"

The man smiled. "I've got no faith in molasses and water," said he.

"Well, but how did it clear up your tongue?"

"You see it was this way. The fellow gave me five dollars to let him put a white India rubber covering on my tongue. He's got all sizes of tongue coats. Very smart fellow. Better let me have a little blue mass, I reckon."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—Two morning paper reporters waited the other evening in Albany for the results of a meeting that was being carried on in German. They were compelled to listen to the unintelligible jargon for two hours, and then were coolly informed that a resolution had just been passed making all of the proceedings secret.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—"My uncle is a sailor," sings a poet. If this is not a mere flight of fancy, this poet's relative is in a very different business from the "uncles" of most poets.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

PITH AND POINT.

—A New York man asserts that his dog can count. Probably because he's seen him figure in a scene with a young man trying to get over the fence.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—It is said Bernhardt has two ambitions. One is to get fat, the other to write good poetry. She can never fatten herself writing poetry. It is too thin.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Swift said the reason a certain university was a learned place was, that most persons took some learning there, and few brought any away with them, so it accumulated.—*N. Y. Witness.*

—"The editor of our esteemed contemporary across the river," said a sarcastic village journalist, "is very fresh, but the malady doesn't extend to his news columns."—*Somerville Journal.*

—No, it is not hard to write funny paragraphs: all you have to do is to procure a pen, some paper and ink, and then sit down and write them as they occur to you. It is not the writing, but the occurring, that is hard.—*New Haven News.*

—A little girl, visiting a neighbor with her mother, was gazing curiously at the hostess' new bonnet, when the owner queried: "Do you like it, Laura?" The innocent replied: "Why, mother said it was a perfect fright; but it don't scare me"—*Exchange.*

—"As between a dog and a dude for a summer resort pet," said a young lady as a young man left her side, "give me the dog." "Why?" asked her companion. "The dog never says any thing." "Neither does the dude, does he?" "No; but he makes me tired talking so much."—*Washington Critic.*

—Customer (to drug clerk)—What do you charge for arsenic? Drug Clerk (suspiciously)—What do you want it for? Customer—I am a French candy manufacturer. Drug Clerk (suspicions allayed)—Oh. I beg pardon, sir; I thought perhaps you wanted to take it yourself.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Algernon—Do you know I don't believe there is any thing in the theowy that fish is gweat bwain food? Augustus—Why, I always supposed that was a fact. Have you eaten much fish? Algernon—O, ya-as, an awful lot. Augustus—Well, then, I guess you're right, old chap.—*The Rambler.*

—"Yes," said a Kentuckian who had been in the Far West, "Indians are powerful fond of whisky. Let 'em once get the taste of whisky an' they'll give up every thing for it. An old chief out in Western Dakota offered me a pony, saddle, bridle, blanket and I don't know what else for a pint of whisky I had with me." "And you wouldn't give it to him?" "Not much. That was the last pint I had left. But it shows how fond Indians are of whisky."—*N. Y. Sun.*

TICKER SUBSIDED.

Why a Newly-Married Grain Speculator Smiled a Sickly Smile.

One of the operators on the Chicago Board of Trade was married a short time ago, and, of course, the first time he appeared on the Board after his honeymoon he was subjected to many congratulations and much good-natured banter'ng. One of his friends, after congratulating him suddenly reached over and took a long brown hair from his shoulder.

"Looks bad in a married man, Ticker," he exclaimed, holding it up to the light:

"Oh, that's all right," replied Ticker, smiling; "it's my wife's."

"No, no; that won't do," responded the friend; "your wife's hair is darker than that."

This made Ticker a trifle angry, and he exclaimed excitedly:

"I tell you it is my wife's. I guess I know my wife's hair when I see it."

"Well, you certainly ought to," said the friend gazing intently at it. "But are you sure it's you wife's?"

"Sure? Of course I am. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I thought perhaps there might be a mistake. You see, I found it on Brown's shoulder just before I saw you."

Ticker's smile was a sickly one as he invited the crowd down to the nearest bar.—*Chicago Rambler.*

No Restriction of Rights.

"I see," said one member of the Dakota Legislature to another, "Congress has passed a bill restricting the powers of Territorial legislatures."

"Restricting their powers! I hadn't heard any thing about it."

"Well, it's a fact."

"Then I suppose we can't play poker any more. I've got my opinion——"

"Oh, nothing is said about poker."

"Shuts off some of the appropriations, then, I suppose?"

"No."

"Cut down the members' pay?"

"That remains unchanged."

"Any thing against adjourning and going on excursions?"

"I think not."

"Well, a dozen laws couldn't prevent us from selling out to the railroad companies, so I don't see where any of our privileges have been restricted. With draw-poker, big pay, liberal appropriations, far-reaching excursions and annual passes, I guess we will have all we ever had. What did the law you spoke of refer to, anyway?"—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

Bostonese Inquisitiveness.

Mr. D——, a Western man, came East, and found at his hotel a landlady who was much interested in his personal history. He was unable to answer all her questions satisfactorily.

"Did you ever see Daniel Webster?"

"No."

"Were you born in Webster's day?"

"No."

"Well, you don't look so very old."

"No, I'm not so *very* old."

"Well, how old are you, anyway?"

"Old enough to mind my own affairs, and trouble nobody."

"Well, how old is that?"—*Youth's Companion.*

—Color-blindness is said to have been first reported in 1777.